

The Anderson Intelligencer.

An Independent Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

HOYT & CO., Proprietors.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1872.

VOLUME VIII.—NO. 3.

TIMMS' STRATEGY.

A STORY OF EARLY CALIFORNIA LIFE.

Mapes was chivalrous by nature; he believed in "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." His enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of stories of deeds of desperate daring; while he had nothing but contempt for even success won by crooked and indirect means. Timms, on the contrary, believed there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy, their lives had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they struggled for a prize of incalculable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations. The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won; and to these none other need aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms. They alone—each by virtue of his own personality and position—had a right to lay siege to the heart of that variable, irritable, imperious beauty, and for months the strife between them had gone on. Each one had called into play all his personal and social resources; for the local society had taken such an interest that it was divided into two factions, known as the Mapesites and the Timmsites. And yet Miss Eliza could not be brought to express a preference; if she rode with one to-day, she was careful to walk abroad with the rival to-morrow.

Courtesy is delicious to a woman; and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been hasty to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition, would grow cold; hence, she made up her mind, that upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that his suit, so often pressed, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting; for invitations were given out for an apple-bee in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his escort home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appointed evening, looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at last. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustic dandy can. His way lay across a meadow, through which ran—or rather loitered—a deep, but narrow stream, spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the centre, when, to his utter confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, when suddenly the night became luminous with that lurid light to which people refer when they say, in speaking of some profane wretch, "He swore until all was blue." Whatever illuminating qualities this lurid light possessed, it had no drying ones, and Mapes was forced to bid adieu for the night to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza.

In the rural districts down East, in early times, the good people had such habits of industry and rigid economy that they seldom gave or attended parties, unless such as were cloaked under the names of raisings, quiltings, huskings, or apple-bees; thus, the apple-bee, fraught with momentous consequences to Mapes and Timms, was but a social party in disguise, a few apples being pared, quartered, cored, and strung in the early evening for appearances' sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the occasion. Good looks, entire self-possession, and a keen satirical wit always assured her that position; and this night she shone with unusual brilliancy, until, as the hours wore away and Mapes came out, she began to lose herself in pondering why, and at length she asked Timms:

"Is your friend Mapes ailing?"

"I guess not," replied Timms; "saw him to-day. He wasn't complaining."

"He denies himself much pleasure," said Eliza, "in not coming here to-night, for this is the place where we always have a good time. Aunt Judy knows how to give an apple-bee."

"You let Mapes alone," answered Timms; "he knows what he's about."

"What do you mean?" asked Eliza.

"Oh, I mean," replied Timms, "that Mapes is the prince of good fellows, and gets invitations from the rest of us don't."

"Where is Mapes to-night?" asked Eliza, now fully aroused.

"I don't know, for sure," answered Timms. "He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an invitation to the rich and aristocratic Squire Huntton's, who is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and that he didn't know which way he would go?" and Timms turned away to talk to the next prettiest girl in the room.

Petted young women are seldom logical or patient. When the party broke up, Eliza accepted Timms' escort to her home, and before they arrived there she had consented to become, with the least possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next morning the engagement was announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant. Happy Timms!

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public, perhaps for want of courage to wear his blushing honors openly; perhaps for want of courage. But a man cannot make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed standpoint, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and secluded way he met Mapes. The meeting by him was a surprise; he smiled feebly, and he extended his hand. But Mapes intent on business, strode squarely up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes, which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust. Timms sprang to his feet and showed fight, but another blow on the other eye sent him again to grass, where he continued to lie.

"Get up," said Mapes.

"You'll knock me down again," said Timms. "Yes," returned Mapes, "I will."

"Then I won't get up," said Timms.

"You're an infernal scoundrel," said Mapes. "I can't help your saying so," answered Timms.

"You saved the log," said Mapes.

"What log?" asked Timms.

"You saved the log," repeated Mapes, advancing a step.

"Yes—stop," said Timms. "I saved the log." "Well, you needn't think," said Mapes, "that after your marriage you're going to tell that story, and make me a laughing-stock."

"I'll never speak of it," whined Timms.

"Perhaps you won't," said Mapes, "but I'm going to swear before I get through—There's another thing; you won the woman for your own—d—trickery, and I know it is in you to abuse her; so I'm going to swear you to treat her kindly."

"I'll swear," said Timms. "Hold up your hand," said Mapes. Timms held up his hand.

"Now, repeat after me: 'I, Silas Timms, solemnly swear that I will never bring to the knowledge of any human being that I saved the log whereby Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost a wife; and further, that I will, she consenting, marry Eliza Reed, and always treat her kindly, so help me God.'"

Timms repeated the oath *verbatim*.

"Now get up and go home," said Mapes. "I don't think you'll be married till your eyes get out of mourning, and by that time I'll be far enough away. But don't think I'll lose sight of you; and if you don't keep your oath, you'll see me."

Timms arose from the ground, shook off the dust, and walked away; but when he had secured a safe distance, he shouted back, exultingly:

"Mapes, she's an angel."

In twenty years Daniel Mapes had learned many things, and among them this: Life is very much as we make it. In other words, the world is like a mirror, and it looks at us with the face we present. It returns scowl for scowl, and smile for smile. It echoes our sobs and laughter. To the cold, it is as icy as the northern seas; to the loving, it is as balmy as the isles of the tropics. He had learned a still harder lesson; which was, to forget the griefs, the sorrows, the slights, the wrongs, and the hates of the past. The effect of this lesson was to make it appear that the lines, to him, had fallen in pleasant places. His rotund form and firm muscle bespoke a good digestion, while a cheerful countenance told of mental peace, a fair woman named him husband, and children called him father. A beautiful home in the Santa Clara Valley was theirs; besides which, Mapes had many broad acres of land, as well as many head of stock running nearly wild in the counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo.

Once in each year the cattle that graze on California's thousand hills are gathered in bands at convenient places to be claimed and branded by their owners—such assemblages being called *rodos*. Mapes had been down across the Salinas Plains, in attendance upon a *rodeo*; and, being on his return, jogging along on his mustang, he saw, far in the distance, but near him, an equally lone traveller. Slowly the distance between them decreased; and as they approached Mapes—with California prudence—slipped his revolver upon the belt which sustained it from his back round to his left side, bringing the hilt under the shadow of his bridle-arm, and within easy reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons; the coming man was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected, and hopeless—in local phrase manner was that of a person who had "lost his grip," and those who have met that terrible misfortune are never highway robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted in that hazardous pursuit.

The travelers met, with a long, inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst the words, "Mapes"—"Timms." After a moment of mute surprise, Mapes spurring his mustang, drew nearer to Timms.

"So—we meet, at last. I have been wanting to see you many a year."

The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out, "Don't—don't shoot! I have no weapons! Besides, I have kept my oath—at least as well as I could. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple-bee, nor ever breathed a syllable about the sawed log—upon my solemn oath!"

"I wasn't thinking of the ducking," said Mapes.

"Don't come any nearer, returned Timms—I have always tried to use that woman well; but she wouldn't be used well. I have done my best to treat her kindly; but she wouldn't be treated kindly."

"It's no use to go over the grounds to me, Timms," replied Timms, "you have no idea what that woman is; you wouldn't blame me if I were only knew. She's brow-beat me till I ain't half a man."

"So I see," said Mapes.

"No, you don't see," replied Timms. "You don't see half. Look at this scar"—taking off his hat and showing a long seam on the scalp—"that was done with the skillet."

"You have suffered," said Mapes.

"Suffered!" returned Timms. "You ought to have sworn her, too. If you only knew how I have thought of you, and of my oath to you; and how I have borne blows, and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and fool, and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneers, hunger and discomforts, without a word of reproach—you would forgive me; you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge."

"Thoughts of revenge?" answered Mapes.

"Let us dismount and have a settlement, for I see my chance has come at last."

"Mapes, would you take the life of an unarmed man?"

"Timms, you're crazy! Let me explain. I have no wrongs to avenge. It isn't for vengeance that I have wanted to see you. I heard about you—I know all your life and experience; and I have only wanted to meet you to offer you a home and friendship, employment and opportunities for prosperity, here in California. I owe you no debt of ingratitude, for the inestimable service you did me by that little job of carpenter work; and that I mean to pay. Come with me. He took Timms' horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance, and they traveled on in silence.

After awhile, Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground, and said:

"Mapes, she's the devil!"

STORY OF WM. L. MARCY.—The following story is told of the late Dr. Salem Towne and Wm. L. Marcy:

In his youth he (Mr. Towne) was a teacher of youth. One day, seventy odd years ago, a boy was brought to him, of whom the account given was that he was an incorrigible dunce; that none of his masters had been able to make anything of him; and he was brought to Mr. Towne as a last experiment, before apprenticing him to a mechanical trade. The next morning Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him, preparatory to entering upon his instruction. At the first mistake he made, the boy dodged one side, with every sign of terror. "Why do you do that?" asked the master. "Because I was afraid you were going to strike me. I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake." "You need never fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of treating boys who do as well as they can." The lad soon improved rapidly under this new treatment, so that Mr. Towne advised his father to give him a liberal education. The father could hardly believe the report at first, but was convinced and complied with the good master's suggestion. The result was that Wm. L. Marcy became an eminent lawyer, one of the Supreme Judges of New York, Governor, United States Senator and Secretary of War and of State.

—The dandy element seems to pervade all nature. Even among flowers, which are emblems of modesty, we have the dandelion.

The Oppression of the South by the Politicians.

From an earnest and outspoken article on this subject in the New York Herald we make the following extract:

Nearly eight years have passed since the war closed, and the General is now the President. The politicians, who have unfortunately surrounded and controlled his administration, have continued during the last three years and a half the same course towards the South adopted by them as soon as the rebellion was over, when they were contending with President Johnson for the political control of that section of the country. The efforts of these men have been to secure political power in the Southern States, by colonizing the South with carpet-bag politicians, and holding with them the solid negro vote. The process was simple and easy. In ten of the ex-rebel States—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Virginia and the two Carolinas—under the census of 1870, there were four million six hundred and twenty-four thousand white inhabitants to three million six hundred and thirty-four thousand negroes, or less than one million more white than black inhabitants. Taking the proportion of one in five for voters, the white electors may be calculated at two hundred thousand more than the black. In South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi the negroes are in a majority. In Alabama there are only five thousand more white voters than there are colored, and in Florida the white electors are only one thousand larger than the black. Proscriptive test oaths and disfranchisement laws were resorted to for the purpose of reducing the Southern white vote, and as amnesty became more and more a political necessity, the Ku Klux laws, authorizing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and placing the election under the protection, or rather under the tyranny, of federal bayonets, were invoked to counterbalance the enfranchisement of the whites. In the last session of Congress, notwithstanding the notorious fact that the Southern States are now as peaceful and law-abiding as those of the North, the most disgraceful scenes were enacted in both Houses in the effort to force through a renewal of the Ku Klux bill at the risk of the interruption of the whole machinery of the government. To-day the South is held under military despotism, subject to the rascally corruptions of carpet-bag civil government and threatened by the dark shadow of political negro supremacy. Her people have done all in their power to prove their willingness to accept the lessons and fruits of the war, and to obey the laws of their country. They point to their paralyzed industries, to their impoverished homes, to their broken fortunes, and plead to be allowed to enter once again the highway of prosperity and happiness through the paths of loyalty and peace. But the question occurs to the minds of the scheming politicians who hold power in Congress. Are the white Southern citizens to be treated politically? Will they use their recovered franchise against the regular Republican party? If these questions cannot be answered to the satisfaction of our present rulers, the South must continue to be oppressed and the effort to force negro supremacy upon the Southern States must proceed.

General Grant can have no sympathy with the course of the men who seek by such means to renew their lease of political power. His whole life and the free expression of his sentiments on every occasion show that he favors a government of white men and that he despises those who endeavor to renew or keep alive sectional prejudice and hate between the North and the South. When he suffers the politicians who surround him to resort to such legislation and such policy in his behalf, he risks the loss of the sentiment of public esteem and gratitude still clinging to him and unwilling to acknowledge itself misplaced. The people of the North demand that the Southern States shall no longer be treated as rebels, but shall receive in good faith, and without reservation, the pardon that has been extended to them.

To give over the beautiful and commercially important States of the far west to the rule of the ignorant and degraded race of negroes just released from bondage is as well as to the white citizens of the North as well as to the South, and an outrage on the whole nation. To subject them to the carpet-bag plunderers and their little less infamous. To hold them under military subjection for political purposes is not only a cruel injustice, but is a dangerous assault upon the freedom of the republic. As a consistent and independent supporter of Gen. Grant's administration, we now call upon him to show his detestation of these political Machiavelisms by openly proclaiming his determination not to avail himself of the Ku Klux law in the approaching elections, and to withdraw from the Southern States every federal soldier not required for the actual legitimate purposes of the government. The enforcement of this odious law is optional with him, and he has the authority and the power by proclamation to declare the South in a condition to warrant the restoration of civil law and of the writ of *habeas corpus* in every portion of her territory. This will enable the President to free himself from the responsibility and the unpopularity of Congress, and a radical change in the character of the federal officeholders throughout the South will further show his inclination to do justice to the Southern people at last. For the future, whatever may be the result of the pending Presidential election, the Herald will insist upon an entire change of policy towards the Southern States under the next administration, and will hold every Congressman up to the contempt and scorn of the American people who favors any measure for the oppression of the white men of the South. We shall demand from President Grant or President Greeley, as the case may be, an honest obedience to the will of the people, which is unrestricted amnesty and non-interference of the domestic affairs of any of the Southern States. The Herald will diligently watch for and expose every future attempt to control the Southern negro vote as a unit for any party, and any injustice that may be done, or either by legislation, by executive action, or through the influence of Federal patronage, to the white electors of the South. We recognize the courage, the manhood and the loyalty of the Southern people, now that the rebellion and its causes are alike dead and buried, and we admit their equal title with ourselves to the privileges and rights of the constitution. We shall hold any administration in the future responsible for a constitutional treatment of that section of the country, and shall regard an assault upon their liberties and privileges as a crime against the republic.

—Some one gives this receipt for the diarrhoea: Roast some rice as you would coffee; then grind it in a coffee mill; then dissolve two ounces of gum arabic in a teacup of rice water; when dissolved put in a teacup of rice and let it boil twenty minutes, or until it is the consistency of mush. If too thick, use you use it, thin it with hot water. I saw a desperate case cured by this most valuable remedy.

The South Carolina Bonds.

An adjourned meeting of the holders of the bonds of South Carolina was held at the office of Drake Brothers, No. 63 Broadway, at noon yesterday, with a view of taking some united action looking to the enforced payment of the interest on the bonds held in this city. At the previous meeting it was clearly shown that the resources of the State were abundantly sufficient to meet the indebtedness were the treasury not systematically robbed by the carpet-baggers.

A. A. Drake acted as chairman. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting by Goodwin Ward, Secretary, a letter was read from a gentleman in Baltimore, reporting that he bought bonds at sixty-five, and when they declined to fifty he wrote to Governor Scott, asking if anything was wrong. The Governor responded that the State was able to pay. The letter refers to the commencement of legal proceedings to compel Scott and his associates to disgorge; but they were deferred by the sudden death of Mr. Brent, the counsel for the Baltimore bondholders. It appears that Mr. Brent had ascertained where a large amount of the stolen money could be found, and he intended to continue both criminal and civil proceedings, looking to the punishment of the offenders and the recovery of the money misappropriated.

A lengthy legal opinion on the subject of the rights of the creditor to recover from the State was read from ex-Governor Magrath, who advised that a Bill be filed in the United States Court to compel the Agents of the State to make a statement of the disposition of the funds, and that a prayer be also added for an injunction, restraining them from further misappropriation. The Governor, who is one of the ablest jurists of South Carolina, gives it as his opinion that the creditors would in time recover, although it would require lengthy litigation.

The following resolution was offered:

Resolved, That a committee of three persons, to consist of E. A. Quintard, E. B. Wesley and A. A. Drake, be appointed to solicit the co-operation of the owners and holders of the bonds of the State of South Carolina in the attempt to collect the past due coupons, with authority to engage counsel to commence legal proceedings against the officers of the State on its legal financial bond. Also to raise funds by subscription to promote such proceedings without delay.

Resolved, That all parties interested be earnestly requested to assist said committee by as early subscriptions as possible.

Mr. W. R. Darling moved as a substitute that a committee be appointed to confer with the bondholders and report at another meeting, which was carried.

Mr. C. L. Chichester, of Charleston, declared that all the taxes have been collected, often three times over; that they are not used for the purpose raised; that for want of funds there is not a public school open in the entire State; that the lunatics would be turned out of the asylum, and sent back to their respective counties, to run wild; that the inmates of the prisons have been turned out, and the people were poor, ruined in fact. It was necessary if any action be taken that it be at once, as the gubernatorial election occurs in October, and the ring thieves, who are building palaces in Ohio and other States, will not remain in the State. Several other gentlemen urged immediate action. Mr. Underhill reported that they intended to take out executions on property in this county owned by the ring.

The committee were instructed to retain Gov. Magrath, of South Carolina, and Mr. Herbert as legal advisers. The meeting adjourned, to re-assemble next Thursday, at noon, at the same place.—New York Herald, 12th inst.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—On a beautiful summer's day, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in such words as these:

"Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God in the next, and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, live then, for a blessed eternity. Go to the work that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom.—The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and more wisely than man builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature in almost an angelic form. And now that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross, and saps the dew that revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar and mode of life, if it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue, it had perished a worthless worm. Conclude, then, that you are wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly fits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight, 'live for the future.'"

With this the preacher closed his discourse; but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the Church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience, "Live for the Future."

FEMALE BEAUTY.—In Peru the longest ears are considered the handsomest, and as a great mark of beauty in the females. Some people stain their teeth black, and some red, and in Basque the women do not consider themselves fit to be brides until they have shaved their heads close to the skin.

The Mexican women rejoice in low foreheads and very thick heads of hair, the blacker the better; and the coarser it is the higher the appreciation, while the Italians venerate red, golden and light hair. The Spaniards fancy slight, slender figures in their women; the Italians, on the contrary, are fond of full development of limb and figure. The Orientals and Westerns are also at complete antipodes to the manner in which they interpret beauty and what relates to it. The Eastern women use yellow cosmetics, while the French and English dread that tinge in their complexion. The Asiatic, whether of China or Siam, is delighted with the olive skin and high cheek bones of the Mongolian women.—Hall's Journal of Health.

—Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

The Largest Recorded Yield of Corn.

Solon Robinson, some years ago, stated before the American Institute Farmers' Club, that the largest known yield of corn was a few quarts in excess of two hundred bushels per acre, and that this crop was grown in South Carolina. In the report of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1870, there is an account of some experiments made in corn culture in South Carolina, and as the yield is about that mentioned by Mr. Robinson, it may refer to the same crop. At any rate, the details will be interesting to such farmers as have not seen them. If the reference is not to the same crop, then South Carolina must have twice produced over two hundred bushels of corn to the acre.

In the proceedings of the annual Convention of the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Society, for 1869, is a report by Mr. J. W. Parker of experiments of growing corn, of which the following is an extract: Selection of a quagmire, grown over with willows, snakes and malaria, and traversed by a winding, sluggish stream. Thorough drainage was attained by the construction of a canal and underdrains, and during the summer the land was cleared, leveled, and broken up with a two-horse plow. In November a heavy coat of cow-dung manure was applied and plowed under, and the process was repeated in January, and again in March, with subsoiling. In April, the weeds having obtained a luxuriant growth, were limed and turned under; in May, another coat of manure was plowed under, and the ground was harrowed perfectly level and laid off in rows three feet apart. In the furrows were applied Peruvian guano, salt and plaster, at the rate of 200 pounds to each acre. The seed corn, having been soaked in a solution of nitre and rolled in plaster, was dropped ten inches apart in the rows, and covered with rakes, after which the land was rolled, and as soon as it was sufficiently large, a long, narrow plow was run around it, followed by level, the crop being kept clean by shallow level culture until it began to shoot and tassle. The field was then irrigated by conveying from a reservoir a gentle flow of water through every alternate row. The yield on two acres was 147 bushels per acre. The following year the experiment was repeated in like manner, except that the rows were laid off 2½ feet apart. One acre yielded 200 bushels, as attested by a viewing committee. Mr. Parker received premiums on these crops from the society named. He attributes much to irrigation in these instances of extraordinary products, and concludes from these and former experiments that success in corn-growing depends greatly on thorough preparation of the soil during fall and winter by deep plowing, with underdraining of moist lands, this preparation to be followed by judicious manuring. While the early working of the field should be deep, the latter culture should be shallow, and the roots of the corn should not be disturbed after it begins to tassle.

A COMPARISON.—An old and experienced Charleston cotton factor, now absent from the city, in a private letter, gives his views as follows:

The present season reminds me and compares with that of 1869 more fully than any previous one. Then as at this time the cotton plant was more fully developed than in any previous year. In 1869 the season continued regular, and the plant seemed attaining perfection in all parts of the cotton region early in the month of August. During the month of August the caterpillar made its appearance, and we know what the result was, both in quality and price. This season has all the prime causes to breed the caterpillar—abundance of rain, warm sun and a large growth of all kinds of vegetation. Apart from this the months of July and August are the months that make the cotton crop. At this time the plant never looked more flourishing, having had good seasons and been stimulated with fertilizers, and to use a familiar expression, it appears in all its glory. It is luxuriating and feasting upon all the good things of the earth. Now to keep up this revelry it will require something that we do not often see in the months of July and August. It will require moderate rains, mixed with a good degree of sunshine. Without caterpillars, with three or four weeks of dry weather and hot sun the crop would be like that of last year. With a continuation of the present showery and wet weather we will have the rot, boll-worm and almost certainly the caterpillar. Taking all things together, I look upon the cotton crop as being in a very precarious condition.

Under the circumstances, if I knew what advice to give you, I would give it cheerfully. When we look at the stock in all our ports we see it very light. When we look at the markets we see prices declining, and without any demand—a very unusual state of things, and to force sales at ruinous rates is very unpleasant to any factor as well as his friends. I think I would place myself on the wait-and-watch platform for the next thirty days, and see what will turn up in the meantime. Before the middle of August you may see cotton higher than it has been this season.

GOD IN NATURE.—No one has a better opportunity of witnessing the wonderful workings of God in the wide field of nature than the farmer. His occupation brings him every day in full view of them. He is familiar with the progressive development of the young plant, and the matured beauty of its full growth. He is well acquainted with the sunshine and the shadow, the softly falling dew and the heavy rain, the gentle breeze and the rushing tempest. Some, from their very familiarity with these evidences of divine wisdom, lose all interest in them, and look on them with little more regard than the beasts that perish. Others, indeed, recognize the hand of God; look on its movements with awe and dread—but go no further. But it is only the Christian that can see in everything the hand of a Father. Other men may wonder and admire; he can love and praise. Everywhere around he sees the finger of God, and he rejoices to know that God is his friend; and when, in the tempest or thunderstorm, men's hearts are failing them for fear, he can be in peace, knowing that he is a son of Him whom the winds and the seas obey. Truly, the Christian farmer possesses greater pleasures and more exquisite joys than other men have any idea of, and if they have not experienced these, they have never met true happiness. Reader, have you?

CURE FOR CANCER.—A gentleman of Eufula, says one of our Georgia exchanges, who had a large-sized cancer on his face, having heard of the following remedy, used it with perfect success:

A yolk of an egg, mixed with fine salt, until it made a thick paste, applied three times a day.

After a few days all the cancerous flesh had been eaten out, leaving a considerable hole in his face. The application of a little salve healed it up and he is now well.

For the benefit of those afflicted we publish this very simple and certainly harmless remedy. It is worthy of a trial.

—"Vat makes you dat?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. "O, not much—just courting a little—dat's all." "Oho! dat's all eh? I thought you was fighting."

Beautiful Farms.

Great progress has been made within the last twenty-five years among the farmers of the country, not only in making their farms more productive, but in making them more attractive. This, in a large measure, is the result of prosperous farming.

Those who had debts to pay, did not feel able to expend much in ornamenting their places; but since they have freed themselves from this burden, they have been more disposed to attend to the appearance of things.

There has been, also, an advance in taste.—There are not so many now, as formerly, who decay all attention to ornament as a waste of time and money. The race of niggardly and boorish men is fast dying out. Increased intelligence, circulation of agricultural learning, the formation of agricultural societies, the infusion of a larger element of educated and cultivated men into the profession, have had a powerful influence in securing more attention to the aesthetics of farming instead of having everything expended for mere pecuniary returns. And this is a great advance. It enables the pursuit of the farmer. Man is a creature of taste, and not a mere grub; and he who neglects to cultivate and gratify this element in nature, degrades himself. Any one may form a pretty correct estimate of the intellectual if not the moral state of his neighbors, by simply looking over their farms. The one who allows his lands to lie in a slovenly state, when he has the means of improving them, may be a money-loving, but he will also be a slovenly man, with no elevating instincts.

It is a great mistake to suppose that money spent in reasonably improving the appearance of a place is thrown away. It may be doubted whether there is any more direct method of increasing its pecuniary value. Certainly its market value will depend very much upon its outward appearance. Tasteful and well-painted buildings, well arranged yards and gardens, with neat fences, shade trees properly disposed, good farm fences and cleanly-kept fields, set off a farm to great advantage and make an amazing difference when it comes to be sold. And even if it be not sold, these things will add amazingly to the enjoyment of it by its possessor, if he be not blind to everything but the dollar.

Every man, too, owes it to the community in which he is living to contribute to the general reputation, and to public enjoyment, by making all his surroundings as attractive as possible. There is such a thing as paying too much attention to the outside and show; but there is reason in all things, and a measure of time and attention and expense should be devoted by every one to making his farm and his home more and more attractive every year that he lives.

Marrying a Whole Family.

James Smith, a young man with hair cropped short, face covered with scratches, and wearing a blue flannel shirt, was arranged before Justice Cox, at Jefferson Market, yesterday afternoon, upon complaint of a woman giving her name as Elizabeth Brownell, of 238 Greene Street, who charges that he assaulted and beat her with his fists. George J. Smith, an attorney at law, also marshal of the First District Civil Court, and ex-captain of the sixth precinct, appeared and gave bond for his son's appearance for trial.

The elder Smith stated in court that about three years ago the woman, who formerly kept a "female boarding house," married his nephew, Alexander Orells, and went on a wedding tour to New Orleans with him, where they put up at a first-class hotel. The woman being recognized by some persons in that city, and her actions in the hotel, compelled the authorities to inform her that they would allow her a certain time to leave. She stood not upon the order of going, but departed immediately with her husband for this city. They lived together but a short time as man and wife, in consequence of the woman's obtaining a divorce from him.—This so incensed the discarded lover that he visited the house of the woman one night, and producing a long knife, flourished it over her head and threatened to slash her in case she refused to live with him again. Being afraid he would carry his threat into execution she consented, when he allowed her to roam about the house at leisure. She secured the services of an officer and had him arrested. At the conclusion of his trial he was sentenced to the Island for one year and to pay a fine of \$500.

While he was serving out his sentence, she formed the acquaintance of George J. Smith, uncle to her first husband, and, after a few weeks' courtship, was married to him. She remained with him only about three months, when she took a sudden fancy to him. The couple, unbeknown to the inmate Smith, one day suddenly started for New Haven, and she again married to a member of the family. She again got tired of the son, and abandoning him, succeeded through some means in procuring a divorce from him. The elder Smith, upon hearing the facts in the case, became greatly incensed at the conduct of his son, and refused to countenance or assist him in any way, as long as he remained with, or had anything to do with, his wife. The elder Smith is reported to be wealthy, and at the time of his marriage to the woman was a widower. He states he was anxious to purchase a hotel and start his son in business, but his infatuation for the woman had completely unmanned him for any business. Upon his giving the required bonds, the father and son left the court room together, the former declaring that he had a good mind to send them both to the State prison.—New York Herald.

REPUBLICAN REASONS WHY GRANT SHOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT.—Here are a few testimonials, compiled by the Philadelphia Age, which the people would do well to consult before supporting General Grant. They are short, but to the point: "Grant has no more capability than a horse," said fighting Joe Hooker a month since. "He is not fit to govern this country," were Stanton's dying words. "There are sixteen weighty reasons why Grant should never be President," wrote Colfax in 1868. "He has no more soul than a dog," said Ben Butler less than a year ago. "He is not controlled by constitutional law, but by political rings," says Trumbull. "His San Domingo business stamps him as a first-class conspirator," says Governor Palmer. "He is making money out of his position, and that's all he cares about," said Senator Carpenter to a New York Herald correspondent. "He is a man without sufficient knowledge to preside over a caucus," said Logan in 1868.

—A little boy having broken his hobby-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to scold, when he silence her by exclaiming, "Oho, brother! what's the good of a horse till it's broke, any how?"

—"Vat makes you dat?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. "O, not much—just courting a little—dat's all." "Oho! dat's all eh? I thought you was fighting."